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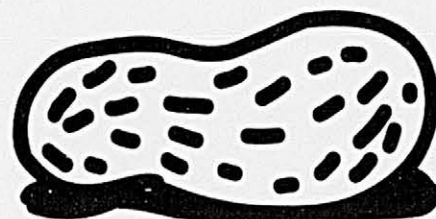
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Letters

To the editor, To the editor,

What occurred at the first event for Women's Week at McGill should never have happened on this or any University campus. Men were prohibited from hearing a lecture by a philosophy professor. This type of discrimination has no place in an open and democratic society to say nothing of an institution dedicated to the pursuit and transmission of knowledge.

by David S. Rovings
Graduate Studies

I am writing with regards to the allegations made against Adam Giambrone in the March 10, 1998 issue of the Tribune. I am the general manager and secretary on the executive board of AUS Snax. I have been under contract to AUS since June 1997, when I was hired to operate their convenience store located in the Leacock building. At the time, Mr. Giambrone was the AUS VP finance, and he and I collaborated closely on the project. Together

we developed a product line, set up an organizational structure, and building Snax from scratch. Adam Giambrone is a dedicated, hard-working, motivated and organized individual, and he was invaluable in the set-up of Snax.

That having been said, I would like to stress that I am responsible for all financial issues pertaining to AUS Snax. I was surprised to discover the concerns regarding Mr. Giambrone's behavior. I was even more surprised that no one saw fit to discuss them with me. Allow me to assure the Tribune that if there were any questionable occurrences at Snax, I would know about them. I take great exception to the suggestion that things are less than above board in my organization. I would

welcome an audit by qualified university personnel.

When Mr. Giambrone left for Sudan, Snax was in a difficult position. Ada, was highly involved in Snax, and his departure called for quick recognition. With elections weeks away, it became vital for Adam to sign a series of checks in order to assure that Snax' 15 employees and six suppliers were paid. Mr. Giambrone worked hard to ensure the success of AUS Snax and that his departure would be as smooth as possible. The efforts of Mr. Giambrone, the flexibility of Snax' staff and the support of the President Karim Bardessey, all combined to ensure the continued success of our store.

I would like to point out that all these events occurred in October

1997; this is the first time that the student presses, and by extension the student body have heard about these vague and unfounded allegations concerning Mr. Giambrone's conduct. Given that SSMU election began this week, I cannot help but wonder if there are any ulterior motives behind this story. AUS Snax is a business venture and not a political pawn.

Respectfully,

Paula Amy Hewitt
General Manager and
Secretary

AUS Snax Inc
An Arts Undergraduate
Society Corporate
Venture.

The McGill Daily has officially opened all positions for next year's editorial board. All staff members are eligible to run. Elections will take place Thursday, March 19. Drop by the office (Shatner B-03) for more information.

The McGill Daily Culture

volume 87
number 50

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by Payette & Simms, Montreal, Quebec.
The Daily is a founding member of Canadian University Press and
Presse étudiante du Québec.

Printed on 20% Recycled Paper
ISSN 1192-4608

The McGill Daily apologises for the following errors in the Women's Solidarity Issue published on Monday, March 9, 1998.

*The cover artist is Tiffany Offard.
On pg. 20, the poem by Anna Alfredson is entitled She.*

**'What I really want to do is direct'
- words of every second rate actor**

The Media Issue

**Come help with the McGill Daily's
final issue**

Food For Thought

Students vote on new organic food store

by Gabriel Flores

The McGill Students for Organic Food (MSOF) has launched an ambitious campaign in recent weeks culminating in a campus-wide referendum to be held March 10-12. The referendum question will ask students whether they would support a \$2 per semester levy for the opening of a food store in the student ghetto. The MSOF's mission is to establish an affordable, non-profit organic food store providing students with a "social and environmental alternative to conventional supermarkets."

The referendum represents only the first step in the long process of convincing McGill's administrative body of the venture's worth. Co-chairperson Naomi Muller explained that the MSOF is looking for an overwhelming majority of 80-85% and a high voter turn out in

order to proceed with its demands to the administration.

The MSOF is deploying its members to inform the student body on the issue. A marketing survey the body conducted in the fall semester showed little more than 60% of Management or Engineering students surveyed knew what organic food was, but once informed, were willing to support such an initiative.

The increase in the popularity of organic foods is due in large part to the pesticide and hormone-free environment in which vegetables and fruits are cultivated. In addition, research has shown that the food produced is higher in nutritional value and lower in lead and mercury content. Likewise, organic food farms operate on strict guidelines which limit environmental impact, and, in the case of free-range chick-

ens, animal cruelty.

All these benefits unfortunately come with a high cost. The labour intensive, lower yields of organic farming, coupled with a limited distribution network, leaves the customer paying in some cases an exorbitant amount more than the conventional, non-organic foods. Yet this is where the MSOF claims its advantage. MSOF claims a conservative increase in the average grocery bill of only 15% with a savings of 43% in comparison to other Health/Organic stores.

The estimated \$80 000 MSOF hopes to generate from the student subsidy will go towards establishing the store and start-up costs.

MSOF also hopes to establish contact directly with the organic food farmers and the wholesalers, cutting the middlemen and again

easing the average student food budget.

Educating and informing the student body about the benefits would not stop after the referendum. Naomi Muller explained that the store would carry information about the vegetarian option, social issues involving organic food, and the environment. The store would remain diet-neutral and refuse to preach to its customers, a fact stressed by MSOF members. One of the more controversial issues is the stocking of meat products such as free-range chicken. Hopeful future shopper and former MSOF member Russell Unger points out the possible opposition of other vegans to the meat products in the store. However, according to the marketing survey, free-range chicken would be a main selling point of the

Speak
out
for your
health



and the
environment

store, and thus an economical necessity.

For many students, however, having an Organic Food store is not a necessity in the ghetto in light of Concordia's Frigo Vert. Given the relatively small population of health conscious students, some people question the viability of two organic food stores marketing themselves to students.

The organic food store, if approved by the referendum, is slated to open this September. Voting will take place at stations campus-wide on March 10-12, and will be followed by MSOF meeting on March 16 at QPIRG, open to all interested. (3rd floor, 3647 University St.)

MOSHING Wake-Up Tour

With The Moshav Band

Waking up to Jewish Rock n' Roll music



by Michel Ohayon

Early this year, a group of Jewish students took it upon themselves to reinvigorate a sleeping Jewish world, and created the Wake-Up Tour: and all-out barrage of Jewish fire, Jewish joy and Jewish excitement traveling across North American campuses.

While there is an overwhelming tendency to view Judaism as a rich past of storied heritage and ageless history, these students saw full well what their religion often needed: a vibrant present.

Concerned with the affirmation and promotion of Jewish vigor, funk, and sound, they took inspiration from the late, charismatic Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach. This leaders music could ignite any Jew it touched, compelling listeners to re-

examine the beautiful and exciting religion of which they are a part.

One of the many rock bands dedicated to continuing Carlebach's legacy, the Moshav Band is unique in the youthful sincerity and passion with which they mixed the late Rabbi's songs and contemporary popular music. Thus the perfect medium for a Jewish pop-culture renaissance has emerged.

However, a concert can only provide a spark; for Jewish fire to burn long after the last notes resound, an enduring effect has to be pursued. Thus, it was deemed that the Wake-Up Tour have three essential goals. With the first aim of invigorating Judaism taken care of, the questions of arousing students and rekindling social activism remain.

Entirely student-conceived, the Wake-Up Tour seeks to remedy the sweeping apathy plaguing the student world. The initiation of the Tour is an opportunity for an often bored and disaffected student population to simply realize how much it can do. In Montréal, a percentage of the proceeds from the March 14th show at the Medley will be donated to le Mercaz. As well, concert-goers are encouraged to bring cans of non-perishable food. While Jewish learning and active participation may be lasting consequences of the Tour, the student organizers want their peers to rediscover their intrinsic ability to improve the world.

A larger cause taken up everywhere by the Wake-Up Tour will be

the plight of the four Israeli soldiers, Ron Arad, Zachary Baumel, Yehuda Katz and Zvi Feldman, who have been "missing in action" for over 10 years. It is well known that various Arab leaders, primarily Hafez Assad and Yasser Arafat, have information concerning their whereabouts. This issue has been sporadically mentioned over the last few years but has never been given the driving assistance that it desperately needs from the North American Jewish community. Early in the Tour's planning stages, the parents of Zachary Baumel expressed their interest in accompanying the Wake-Up Tour to speak about what North-Americans could do to assist in freeing their son and the other three missing soldiers. The organizers agreed that they

would make every effort to join up their buses with the Baumel's freedom plan. A crescendo effect resounded through university campuses, and the issue of the Israeli soldiers still missing captured the students' interest.

In the year of Israel's 50th anniversary celebration, the Wake-Up Tour thus seeks to revive Judaism and student activism from the sluggish state in which they are currently mired, and will be moshing the entire way.

For info: sblien@total.net
March 11: Purim Party
March 13: Shabbaton
March 14: Moshav Band concert

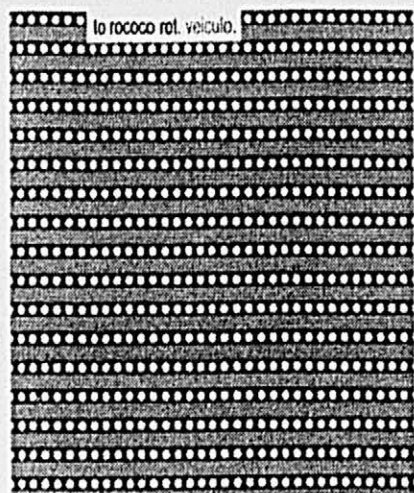
Labradford Mi Media Naranja (Kranky)

Perhaps the sincere emotion and dark captivating aura sustained in their music is why Virginia's Labradford are the epitome of grace. It is the musicians interaction, however, that makes this album inspirational. The enchanting guitars, shining organ drones, and dark bass culminate to allow their darkness to appear intriguing and their instruments to shimmer. On their fourth record, Labradford continue to diversify their unique music. The slow meandering guitar on certain tracks pay tribute to Ennio Morricone and his spaghetti western soundtracks. Labradford also place a greater emphasis on the high pitched percussive loops that they introduced on their 1996 self titled record. The droning violins of Chris Johnson and Ulysses Kirksey add the final touch to *Mi Media Naranja* their most filmy and best recording yet.

- Jeremy Rotsztain

To Rococco Rot
Veiculo
(Emperor Jones)

There's a new world of music being created in Köln today: a bril-



liant re-interpretation of the musical patterning innovated by 70's German groups (who are better known as Krautrockers) Can, Neu! and Kraftwerk. Whereas these inspirational 70's acts made experimental rock music, often adding only a touch of electronics, To Rococco Rot focus most of their attention on the synthetic. The Köln natives' music is an outlet for savory electronic rhythms which repeat infinitely. Beeps, pulses, and sounds weave in and out, maintaining the unclimactic mix. It's an experiment with the wonderful concept of minimalism. To Rococco Rot have created a debut record *Veiculo* similar in style to countrymen Kreidler (who interest-

ingly share one band member.) On certain tracks, wavy synthetic loops repeat on top of intertwining bass rhythms and electronic percussion. Others are filled with bleeping loops and resonations. It's music that has enough rhythm to make you bounce off the walls.

-Jeremy Rotsztain

Trans Am
The Surveillance
(Thrill Jockey)

Trans Am know how to rock. These boys mean business and *The Surveillance* has the evidence to prove it. Their mix of heavy Zeppelin/Deep Purple inspired rock music and Kraftwerk inspired Casio-electronica has been the secret to their indie success. On their third record, Trans Am don't waste any time - the opener, "Armed Response," will run you over with its barrage of bass-heavy rock licks. Then they turn the tables with "Prowler 97," a vicious electronic

piece with ticking drum machines and a heavy bass rhythm. They leave no time before they pack the next punch with "the Campaign." It's another heavy rocker lead by Sebastian's light speed drumming and Phil's fast noisy guitar ripping - 70's rock done the 90's way. "Home Security"'s cheesy synthesizer licks and fast drumming lead the band back to the 1980's - the new-wave era of Devo. *The Surveillance* also features a new version of "Extreme Measures" (originally from *Surrender to the Night*). This time it has a much rawer feel and rocks even harder than the first recording. The high energy maintained throughout the entirety of *The Surveillance* will drive right over you, smother you, and have you begging for more.

- Jeremy Rotsztain

Add N to X
We Are Add N to X
(Satellite)

The word "electronic" has lost its meaning. In recent years, the press has modified and altered the term many times in order to incorporate every genre of music that includes electronic sounds; it can no longer be used as an effective reference point for any genre of music. Rather, "Electronic" is merely a launch-pad

for it's derivatives, such as "electronica," and the strange family of the "drum & bass" genre, "techno," "space rock," and the list goes on. Enter Add N to X, a new English quartet who are attempting to re-invent the world of "electronic music" by fusing every sound and genre together into one. One might say that this is a backwards process, but it is a journey that seems to be gaining some attention. They're the new hype in Wire Magazine and everywhere else, and they deserve every compliment they've ever received. Their debut album, "We Are Add N to X" incorporates the best of all worlds - dancy, motorik rock music with thick synthetic drones and bleeping bubbles; delicate sound collages; swirling techno; and aggressive, bass-heavy jungle music. The result of fusing so many different styles of music often leads to a choppy record, but Add N to X excel at the method. We Are Add N to X flows smoothly because the band maintains a consistent sound, keeping harmony and tonality as a sturdy reference point. This is achieved despite a difficult interplay of Moog keyboards, synthesizers, organs and other obscure tools. The cosmic balancing act of Add N to X is the show you've been waiting for.

-Jeremy Rotsztain

Getting Lost

Installation explores the public and private space of Europe and the self

by Austin Macdonald

A one star hotel room installed on the first floor of the Macdonald Harrington Architecture building is the starting place for a meditative visit to five European cities. A dingy orange bed spread, gray, threadbare towels, a night table with toiletries and novels strewn across it, and a desk - a desk much like the ones where Geoffrey Gibson recorded his impressions and experiences of a three and a half month trip through Europe.

Gibson, a recent graduate from McGill University, offers an intimate account of the different urban spaces that he encountered while trying to lose himself in the streets of London, Paris, Venice, Rome, and Turin. "I wanted to see how 'getting lost' could be a vehicle for discovering a city and coming to an understanding of it,"

Gibson explains. His thoughts are shaped by the physical divisions between public and private space which are particular to each city: the lace curtains of the London town houses, the courtyards of Paris.

Two short films, shown on monitors which serve as the windows of the hotel room, invade its privacy with passing streetscapes set to music. These, along with Gibson's journal, make up the experiential part of the multimedia installation entitled "Getting Lost."

"Getting lost" is not a purely physical or spatial experience. It is cultural, emotional, and lingual as well," Gibson says, "For this reason, my study extended to the way that fiction and fictional representations interact with cities. I read. I watched movies. I realized that fiction creates one's mental construc-

tion of a city as much as physical experiences. Fellini in Roma. Virginia Woolf in London. And so on."

Gibson directly engages the fictional aspect of 'getting lost' by authoring a series of short narratives. Similar to his own experience, Gibson constructs these cities in the mind of his audience. Each vignette uses the voice of a different stock character, identified by Gibson to be an archetypal traveler, creating a multifaceted view of the different cities. The author prefaces his writing by noting that the effect of reading all of the stories for a particular city is quite different than reading all of the stories particular to an archetype.

"Getting Lost" runs until March 13th on the first floor of the Macdonald Harrington building.

events

Friday, March 13

At 17h30 LBGTU's Coming Out Group meets in the basement of UTC (3521 University, corner Milton).

LBGTU Men's discussion group meeting at 19h in the basement of UTC at 352 University.

Tuesday, March 17

MSL Spelling Bee, hosted by McGill Students for Literacy at 19h in the Alley (Shatner Building).

Wednesday, March 18

The World University Service of Canada of Concordia presents Patrick Borden speaking and facilitating a discussion on Anarchism & Civil Disobedience from 16-18h in the Graduate House lobby, 2030 Mackay. Attendance is free and all are welcome.

Ravi Pendakur, PhD, Senior Research Officer, Multiculturalism Canada talks on "The Colour of Money and the Power of Words: Language, Ethnicity and Economic Op-

THE DEPARTMENT OF AN-

portunities for Immigrants". For info: 398-3507.

Department of History presents. Dr. Elinor Melville author of *A Plague of Sheep: Environmental Consequences of the Conquest of Mexico*. He will address the topic "The Empire Writes Back: Writing Latin American Environmental History. 16h, Redpath Museum Auditorium (859 Sherbrooke St. W.)

Thursday, March 19

The Faculty of Arts presents Literature and the Construction of National Identity at Thomson House Ballroom, 3650 McTavish. Info: 933-3468.

Tuesday, March 24

The Friends of the Library, McGill University Libraries are hosting their annual Shakespeare Lecture.

Sunday, March 29

Women's Words Prose and Poetry reading with Mary di Michele, Sue Elmslie, Masarah Van Eyck and others 17-19h at ISART 263 St. Antoine W. Metro Place d'Armes.

Drinking Beer And Throwing Chairs On The Unmanicured Grass

David Adams Richards is the author of eight novels and a collection of short stories, all set in his native Miramichi Valley, New Brunswick. His novel, *Nights Below Station Street*, won the Governor General's Award in 1988. *Evening Snow Will Bring Such Peace* won the Canadian Authors Association Award and *For Those Who Hunt the Wounded Down* won the Thomas Raddall Award. Richards' screenplay version of *Nights Below Station Street* was broadcast on CBC in January.

He is currently working on two screenplays and another novel. His next novel will appear this fall.

The Daily had the pleasure of speaking to Richards on Tuesday night.

Daily: The characters in your novels do not fit the stereotype commonly applied to describe Maritimers i.e. friendly, down-to-earth people who live quiet lives in harmony with the environment. Cecil in *Blood Ties* is an alcoholic who beats his wife as does Clinton in *The Coming of Winter*. How do your readers from the Miramichi react to the way you represent them?

David Adams Richards: At a certain point, my novels are a critique not of Maritime life, but of urban life and it's a critique that doesn't sit very well with those who have adopted an urban centric point of view about life. Certain Maritimers who see in my work an assault on urban values that they themselves have adopted have acted with a bit of outrage at times at my novels. My novels ultimately do the people I write about justice and I'm writing never to expose my characters more than to admire them. I think it's a very subtle and complex issue when you're dealing with novels written about a certain locale and how people adopt certain views about these novels - sometimes without ever reading them.

D: In the screenplay for *For Those Who*

Hunt the Wounded Down, Vera Pillar drills Jerry Bines regarding his motive for assisting his father despite the abuse which he inflicted on Jerry as a child. Jerry insists repeatedly that he did so under no sense of obligation. Do you feel an impulse to resist the relentless cerebral analysis of human actions and emotions in your work?

R: When it's self-serving. When she is conditioned to accost other people about their motives, Vera's motives must be questioned as well. Her motives are planted in the idea of social altruism but they are really very well tucked into the hide of self-serving criteria. The final product of that is a book that doesn't do Jerry very much good at all because he's dead by then.

D: Characters such as Cecil or Jerry often appear incapable or frustrated in their at-

temptative, but often insincere characters such as Vera Pillar or Christopher Wheem. Can beauty co-exist with brutality?

R: I do afford him a lot of sympathy in that novel. My character Ivan Basterache says quite emphatically that he had no idea that words could be used like shotgun blasts in the dark. I'm more comfortable with a shotgun blast because a shotgun blast is deadly but it's honest. Christopher Wheem goes out of his way to destroy Dexter the writer to profit off the demise of Garth Shackle, who is a far greater man than he is. Wheem abandons his son and leaves his wife alone for a fleeting affair and yet he is considered a moral, upstanding man and a tenured professor at a university. I'd far rather have Cecil. Cecil doesn't forgive himself and he feels terrible about his son and about his wife. And the reason why I admire Leah so much in that novel, as the life force of that novel, is because Cecil continually tells us to love her. Wheem never has the strength to tell us to love his wife. Who is more articulate or inarticulate? There are things about emotion, sensibility and kindness that vocabulary never expresses. With a character like Cecil or Clinton, there is a wealth of humanity there that is left unknown and untapped. I'm simply trying to look at it and say it is there. Sometimes these characters go out of their way to prove that it isn't there because they're ashamed of not being able to express it. Certainly that was the case with Clinton and his first son. I'm not saying they should be forgiven any more than we should be forgiven.

D: Your characters seem condemned to sometimes sterile and often destructive relationships because of their inability to articulate their feelings. Until such time as they are able to effectively communicate, will love remain unrealized?

R: No, I think they're filled with love. I think Cecil loves Leah as much as any man loves a woman. I don't think it wasn't tragic. I think Leah leaving him was tragic because I

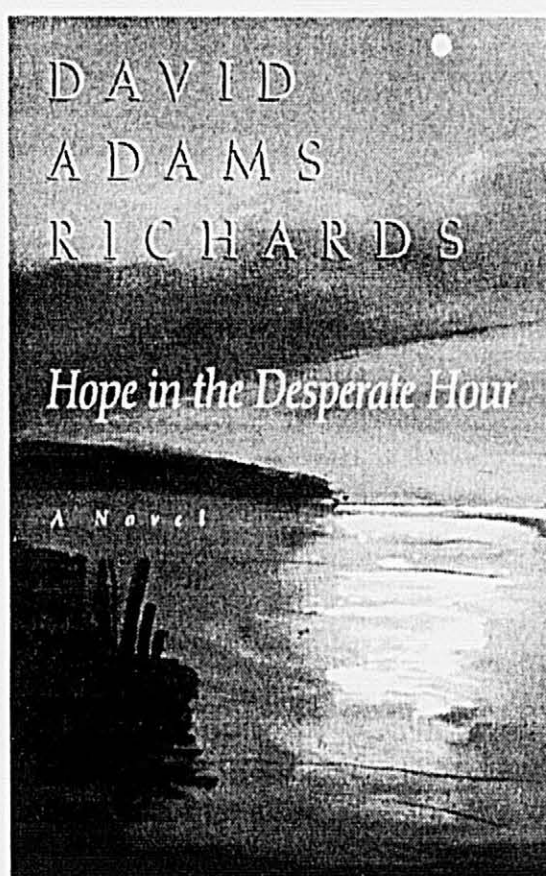
think Leah loved him. Tragedy is not unknown among people whether they're articulate or inarticulate. I think there are parts of *Blood Ties* that are filled with joy. I think Maufat and Irene are filled with joy. I think that the relationship between Cathy and Karen is filled with joy. I think Cathy loves her parents. I think Orville would die for Cathy in a second. I think Cecil would die for Leah in a second. The appearance is that he wouldn't. The reality is that he would. I think Ivan Basterache dying for an old horse that is better off dead is ultimately tragic but ultimately filled with joy. You can't face death the way some of my characters do unless you knew joy. Joe Walsh in *Nights Below Station Street* is an heroic

.....
• I'm a rural boy for
• better or for worse. I
• grew up there, I know it
• in my blood. I know
• exactly how my
• characters move and
• how they think.
•

character. Jerry Bines is too and so is Adele. There is far more to my characters than drudgery and sterility. I've never ever met a person who could talk about their deepest emotions articulately at the spur of the moment. My characters are many times embattled in crises where they're supposed to talk about their deepest emotions and they can't do it. They end up drinking a beer or throwing a chair against a wall. That answers the question as well as Christopher Wheem or Vera Pillar could do. I think they're more articulate than people give them credit for.

D: Do you make a conscious attempt to demythologize the rural, to expose the stark hopelessness which pervades rural Canadian communities as opposed to the idyllic, pastoral representation of the rural in the work of many Canadian authors?

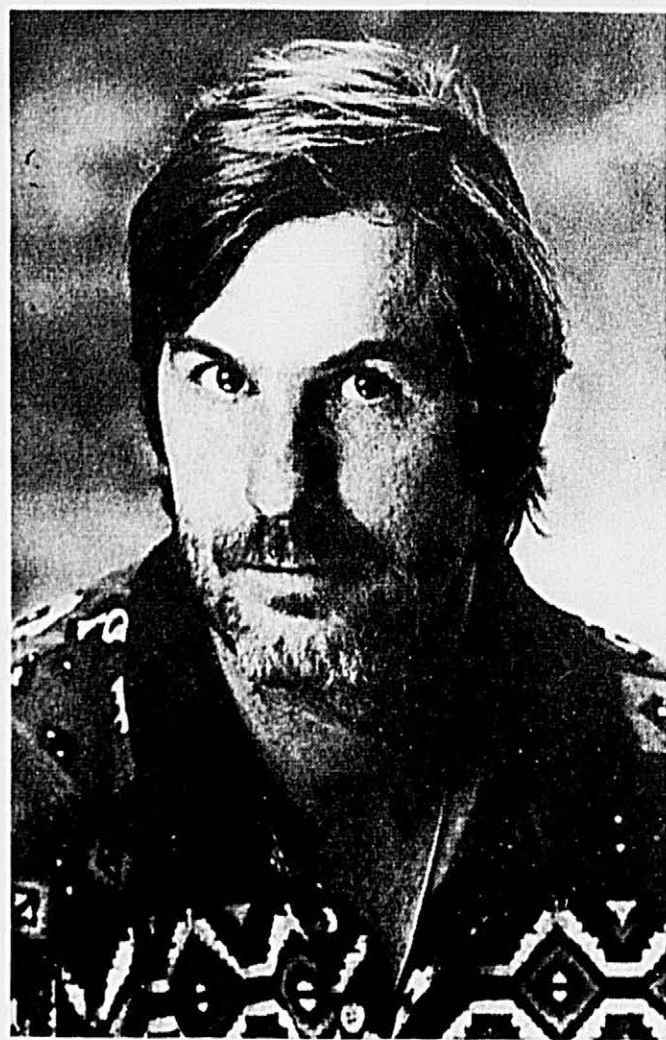
R: I hate the idyllic, pastoral representation. It's utterly false. I wouldn't say the rural is sterile. It's part of the continuum of life.



tempts at verbal communication, and yet they are afforded more sympathy than articulate,

An interview with David Adams Richards

by Andrea Mason



AUTHOR DAVID ADAMS RICHARDS

It's the same as the urban. Chatham, on my home river, is a tough, poverty-stricken area, where many people like Jerry Bines have come from but I've seen places like that in Toronto and Vancouver. Life is very instantaneous and therefore we are open to the same foibles as people in New York at the drop of a hat or the flick of a television screen. I never trusted the idea of the pastoral.

D: In *Nights Below Station Street*, you describe the hospital, the railway station, the graveyard and the church as casting inescapable shadows on the town and the characters, suggesting that there are only four places in which they can end up: sick in the hospital, escaping via the railway station, dead in the graveyard or grappling with faith in the church. How strongly do you subscribe to these fatalist notions?

R: We all end up in one of those four places. Three-quarters of us spend our lives running from something. Eventually we'll end up in a graveyard. In a small town, it does have a presence because you're so close to it. I don't think it's an unnatural human frailty to be close to these things.

D: In your settings, the forest and the river, which are always in the background, seem to represent solace. How do the characters crawl out from under the shadow of the four previously mentioned tenets to achieve redemption?

R: I think they're an avenue towards solace and redemption. Although Ivan feels extremely at home and free in the woods, he meets his end there. He gets trapped. It's not because the forest fire traps him but because human folly and frailty and stupidity in the form of his father trap him. Part of the meta-

phor of that novel was to show that Ivan chose to try to overcome someone else's frailty and folly for the benefit of that person. He took a heroic act but he took a very human act. He was connecting with other people yet he was alone and he died. My characters never run from people even though it means their end. Ivan never abandons those he loves, even those who have betrayed him. That shows a great deal of human integrity that doesn't

D: How does Christian symbolism represent significant events in your characters' lives?

R: More and more and probably soon everything. I've been through the gamut of the whole idea of Christianity and what it means but I've never allowed myself to ridicule someone else's faith. There's nothing more heartwarming than simple faith. It doesn't matter

ments characters or people have are moments of self-sacrifice. I'm really not a trendy writer. I don't believe in self-actualizing. I look upon the idea that we're all in this to get ahead with a great deal of skepticism. There is a point where sacrifice for someone else that isn't going to get your name in the paper when you do it is a tremendous asset to humanity. I've always felt very tender towards my characters who have it, like Anna in *Hope in the Desperate Hour* who really get pissed upon, but still she's one of my favourite characters because she wants so little and she gets less. She's an extremely good human being.

D: What prompted you to convert *Nights Below Station Street* and *For Those Who Hunt the Wounded Down* into screenplay form?

R: Would it be too crass to say money?... It's very different from the book because it has to be contained. And *Wounded* is very different from the book because Gary Percy Rils dies at the end.

D: Why did you decide to change it?

R: Initially I didn't but I had a lot of discussion about it with the director Norma Bailey and she said there has to be closure here because it's a movie. It didn't matter to me because in my mind, Gary Percy Rils is the living dead. He's the embodiment of a dead soul. It made me feel good that Jerry got him. He didn't get him in the book but he got him in the movie.

D: Given your recent move to Toronto, do you plan to locate your future novels in an urban setting?

R: No probably not in a million years. I'm a rural boy for better or for worse. I grew up there, I know it in my blood. I know exactly how my characters move and how they think. If there comes a time when I feel like I want to explore something in Toronto, it's not going to frighten me, I'll do it. For now, the next couple novels I have planned in my head all take place in my rural setting. When the trees start getting cut and the grass is all manicured, then I'll know.



COVER FOR NIGHT'S BELOW STATION STREET

.....
• I'm more comfortable with •
• a shotgun blast •
• because a shotgun blast is •
• deadly but it's honest. •
.....

come from the woods or the river but just comes from human interaction. Although I think these things are part of the process of solace and redemption, it's the human being that counts.

if we believe, if someone else believes we shouldn't cast a spur in that for no good reason. Some of my characters do have a simple faith. I think that's not only justified but extremely poignant. The Christian mythology becomes a meeting place for these people at a time of crisis. I think it becomes more important in my later novels. The greatest mo-

Week Turning The Tables

Jane Gallop's experience of being accused of sexual harassment

by Le'Nise Brothers

Pedagogy: 1. The function or work of a teacher, teaching. 2. The art or science of teaching.

Sexual Harassment: Unwelcome sexual advances, esp. when made by and employer or supervisor, usually with compliance as a condition of continued employment or promotion.

-Random House Webster's College Dictionary, 1997.

In this age of Political Correctness, every action which one commits is examined under the microscope of societal norms and values. Even those once thought immune to this treatment have fallen from their lofty positions. A prime example of this is the institution of the Presidency of the United States. It is apparent that no one, even Bill Clinton is exempt from such scrutiny. Where is the line drawn between flirtation and sexual harassment? It seems increasingly ambiguous as each new case is reported.

This line is especially blurry in teacher-student relations. There is no question who holds power in this relationship and this is why sexual relations between students and teachers have been banned by many universities. At McGill, this conduct is declared to be a University Offense under the 1997-98 University Handbook on Student Rights

and Responsibilities.

"I've become a spectacle," writes Jane Gallop, a professor at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee and the author of *Feminist Accused of Sexual Harassment*, a slim volume describing her response to finding herself in that odd situation. Gallop, a veteran of the Women's Studies movement of the 1970's, was found innocent of harassing the two female students who accused her, but was still censured for engaging with one of them in a "consensual amorous relation." (Her university, like an increasing number of others, prohibits any such relationships between teachers and students.) This relation consisted of flirtation and sexual bantering, culminating in one passionate, exhibitionistic kiss before a group of colleagues in a lesbian bar.

Gallop argues that the teacher-student relationship, especially at its most fertile and exciting, is by nature one with erotic qualities. Like the dynamic between a therapist and a patient, it stirs up intense, often infantile emotions; what psychologists call "transference." She believes that the campus feminists and affirmative action administrators who reprimanded her seek to divorce the intellect from the libido, a prospect she finds dehumanizing and dull.

This argument initially makes



AUTHOR JANE GALLOP

Gallop a sympathetic figure; she's the lone advocate of passionate, risky, vital teaching, squared off against life-denying PC puritans. The charges leveled against her were ludicrous and overwrought, smelling suspiciously of sour grapes and hurt pride. But Gallop's personality, as revealed in *Feminist Accused of Sexual Harassment*, is disturbingly reminiscent of the professor in David Mamet's play *Oleanna*, about a female student who accuses her male professor of sexual harassment. In the play, it is clear that the professor never did hit on the student, but it is equally clear that he handled her emotions with a

thoughtless brutality that shattered her already fragile ego. She had a legitimate gripe, but one she could never prosecute for. Her sexual harassment charge is metaphorically congruent to that which Gallop faced.

Although Gallop never technically seduced her students, she evinces much of Mamet's professor's complacency, with her sense of her own importance and her smug assumption of her flawlessness. She is the kind of swashbuckling, provocative academic theory "star" that graduate students swoon over, almost as breathlessly as teenage girls sigh over pop idols. She is

not so much angered that *anyone* could be charged with sexual harassment on such flimsy pretexts, as she is that *she* should be. Gallop seems mostly irritated at being interrupted in the act of contemplating her own "bold," "clever," "sassy," "smart," "sexy" feminist self. Although her memories of being turned on — intellectually, socially and sexually — by her adventures in the early women's movement are reminders of headier times, she never ponders why so many young academic women today are gravitating towards a grim, fearful, protectionist version of feminism instead. She never asks herself why the field of Women's Studies, an institution she helped to build, attracts such personalities and fosters such behavior, or what her own responsibility might therefore be. Not a whiff of self-questioning ever enters the hermetically sealed righteousness of *Feminist Accused of Sexual Harassment*.

Queer World Watch

Dutch Queers tie the knot

A new law in Holland grants queer couples all rights of matrimony excluding access to adoption. Parliament later, lifted this restriction. More than 100 queer weddings are planned this year, according to the newspaper *De Gay Krant*.

"Gay marriage" is also legal in Denmark, Greenland, Iceland, Norway and Sweden — but the laws prohibit queer couples from the rights to adoption, artificial insemination and church weddings. Hungary recognizes gay common-law marriage, granting all rights but access to adoption.

In addition to its new gay partnership law, the Netherlands also is pre-

paring to open up standard marriage to same-sex couples. That would be a first worldwide unless the long-awaited ruling from the Hawaii Supreme Court beats them to the punch.

Source: *Queerplanet*

Queers protest Chiapas massacre

Gay and lesbian groups joined with 60,000 demonstrators in Mexico City January 12 to protest the Dec. 22 massacre of 45 Tzotzil Indian refugees in Acteal, Chiapas, by pro-government paramilitary forces.

The protesters flooded Reforma Avenue, Mexico City's main street, shouting that President Ernesto

Zedillo has blood on his hands.

The Chiapas slayings were in retaliation for the Indians' support of the Zapatista rebels, according to news reports.

Source: *Queerplanet*

South African cop wins same sex benefits

South Africa's Pretoria High Court ruled Feb. 4 that South African Police Services Medical Aid violated the constitution when it refused to extend health coverage to lesbian police officer Jolande Langemaat's lover of 11 years, Beverley-Ann Myburgh.

South Africa is the only nation in the world with a ban on discrimina-

tion based on sexual orientation written into its constitution.

Source: *Queerplanet*

Amnesty International seeks support for jailed Lesbian

Amnesty International is urging activists to send letters and non-perishable food to Romanian Mariana Cetiner, who is serving a three-year prison sentence for asking another woman to have sex with her.

President Emil Constantinescu recently promised foreign gay activists he will pardon all gays and lesbians jailed under the nation's anti-gay laws, but, according to Amnesty, the proc-

ess has not yet begun.

Romanian law bans gay sex between consenting adults "if the act was committed in public or has produced public scandal." It is also illegal "to entice or seduce a person to practice same-sex acts, as well as to form propaganda associations, or to engage in other forms of proselytizing with the same aim." The penalty is one to five years in prison.

Appeals calling for the release of all Romanians jailed for consensual gay sex — and for repeal of the laws under which they were convicted — should be sent to President Constantinescu, Exceleti Sale, Presedintele Romaniei, Palatul Cotroceni, Bd. Geiuli 1, 76238 Bucuresti, Romania.

Source: *Queerplanet*

Speaking Through Lipstick

Seeing feminist strength beneath the makeup

by Ilana Ron

Part of my work this summer at the Independent Women's Forum involved compiling the observations of various women throughout the United States about campus feminism. After a few conversations, and a few cups of coffee, their reactions no longer surprised me. I could fill in the blanks, and pepper their thoughts with my own feelings of alienation within the mainstream feminist movement. I was struck by the haunting similarity among their voices, and compiled a composite piece from what I was hearing. Here is the experience of Jane Doe at *Any University* in Anytown, North America.

School-supply September had barely begun; our notebook covers had not yet faded, and the wire bindings still remained intactly coiled, not yet forming tiny copper

daggers. One notebook out of the pile was placed aside soon after arriving at *Any University*. Slowly printed headings danced around the crisp and snow-white pages: *Rape, Sexual Harassment, Academic Discrimination*, and the like. Infused with a rush of idealism, masked in a cloak of sisterhood, they braved the cold, and rushed to the meeting at the Women's Center, sacrificing the requisite afternoon nap.

Underneath the puffy jackets of the suburban gangster, and the streamlined Plexiglass-like vinyl trenches of the East Coast hipster, they, out of breath and red-faced, reached the cramped headquarters of *Any University's* Women's Union. Julie wore slinky low-riding black pants, topped with a fire-red shirt of apparent synthetic material. Natalie's pulled her hair back into a

tight bun, showcasing chiseled bone structure and inviting lips. Jane arrived in her uniform of the month—some combination of black, tight to some, but form-fitting to her. They all donned lipstick: Julie, in a strategically natural Apricot; Natalie, in arresting red, and Jane, in Vamp.

They sure did not look like the other women sitting around the worn couches of the Women's Center, encircled by posters about the Glass Ceiling. Jane supposed they appeared non-conformist and "alternative," yet strangely enough, they composed a common herd. All alike, their conformity to non-conformity created a troop of clones, surely not the logical result of a move toward counter-culturalism. Stares penetrated Julie's make-up stained lips, Natalie's soft scarf, Jane's heeled boots. Appearance deflated these eager first year's

proclamations as true feminists in the Womyn's eyes... only pawns of patriarchy, the subservient dolls of men, would demean themselves in such an obvious way.

They failed the litmus test of campus feminism miserably. Perhaps Julie's manicured fingers could not counsel rape victims, or Natalie's lipsticked mouth could not issue proclamations of equal rights and equal opportunity. Before they had a chance to utter a phrase of sisterly solidarity, or volunteer for the date-rape hotline, they were effectively silenced by the icy glares of their supposed sisters-in-arms. The founding matriarchs of most Women's Centers subscribed to a radical ideology of feminism, an ideology purporting to link all women, regardless of appearance, education, and political leaning with an indestructible cord of unity. So, fol-

lowing this much-publicized rally call to women, all women—even the "trailer-trashy," hotpants-wearing, big-haired, perfumed among them—should be embraced equally. Perhaps naively, the new women believed that all females, even conservative, proudly heterosexual, and appearance-conscious ones, could become feminists.

Almost all the women I spoke with still firmly embrace the idea of equal rights for all, including women, and continue to work to maintain a foreground of equal opportunities. But a movement that claims to speak for all women, and represent all women—whether the poor labourer in Thailand, or a top investment banker on Wall Street—cannot attach a divisive list of political, ideological, and even lifestyle requirements onto membership.

Miss Magdalene's Martyrdom

The merits of Mary

by Kim Valenta

I was raised a proper Catholic girl, pent up in white dresses and scowled at until I crossed my legs. My hair was always bent at uncomfortable angles, and my Sunday shoes always bit into my Sunday-stockinged feet. Every week I sat before the doleful eyes of the Virgin Mother, and when the ominous Latin was about to commence, me and my young restless kind were sent to the cheap-paneled basement where cardiganed and tired and well-meaning housewives would tell us of the Other Mary. The Mary whose side I was on.

I loved Mary Magdalene. In my thirsty young head there was always a place for the horrible romance of whoredom. Here she genuflected in

Church beneath the thin feet of our Saviour; the exhausted woman who Jesus pitied and loved. She was a woman who had seen everything, had been privy to the most secret parts of men. What she gave of herself in terms of pride, a life and the conventional trappings of womanhood in her time were worth much more to me than any of the soft words of Jesus, or the lamentations of His Mother, or the repentant lay-sinner of everyday life. And when I first heard the story of her repentance I cried.

Only in Mary Magdalene was there true giving, the kind that can be reciprocated with things that people understand, and not only with the price that is asked of the

soul in return for divine redemption. Mary Magdalene, with her proudly bruised thighs, has always made sense to me, because who has ever really wanted a hemophilic saviour?

It is not only in the Bible that I found the perfect exemplar of humanity, but in old Westerns as well. Dreams of being a madam filled me. I longed for a shotgun, and lemonade, a rocking chair and corset, and a wrap-around porch on which to sit and whittle the days away. There was a comfort that these women offered that could not be found in the velvet fist of religion, or the sad eyes of pale preachers, or the pain of confession. I wanted to give that same comfort, one which could be bought

with money, and understood with the tired wisdom of women who have had one too many men. It is the only place without stigma, where perversion is expected and welcomed, and where those in need are not under any obligation but a monetary one to recompense the damage they think they are causing.

Nowhere but in the soft indifference of the seasoned prostitute does comfort come so easily and readily to those in need, and I am simply not cruel enough to ask the people I come into contact with for anything more than they are perfectly able to give. This involves a martyrdom of my political leanings (Ms. Gloria Steinem would not be

pleased), and a forsaking of my pride, but it is worth it. I simply cannot bear witness to the apologetic looks on the faces of harmless 'perverts' and not give of myself so invisibly and self-deprecatingly that those in need leave feeling satisfied, without the pain of debt or any sort of new spiritual burden. People need understanding, not damnation and denial, and the only place most can find complete sympathy is in someone who has seen it before.

I was disgusted with my parents when they expressed unhappy surprise at my five-year-old self proclaiming that only the world's oldest profession was one which I could happily enter.

Space

Creative



by Johnnie Kuo

Lost
by Cynthia Bourne

Bright shining sun
Refracted, burns dried flowers
yet all seems dark
Each chatter fo my teeth
breaks ice from my lips

Oh, this call cage we have built
civilization our own
deconstruction

Tight in a bull I curl
loneliness still lurks
appears in everything

The corner there is hidden
near the furnace
burns marks upon my back

Buildings spew their smoky tox-
ins
And the sweet smell of poison
chokes you near death
now where shall I place you
you inferno from within
The one with visions of blood
and dances through the sky,
pounding against spears of gran-
ite

Where will you be happy
where can we live as one
Find Peace
a Home
for you
a tattered holy beast of death

Angels On The Water
by Mary Lavers

There are angels in this world:
They are big and powerful and strong;
They are fearsome characters —
not at all kind —

For they have been sanctioned
to live and breathe
Invisible amidst the world
which is blind.
Only some can see these angels
And mostly they go crazy;
Old women sitting in huts and tepees
Filled with holy smoke
See them and go blind.
Babies feel them; they are taught
how to breathe air by these
winged beings
And they cry when the angels leave.

Upon the brink of death,
They say a white light shines
And an angel wraps its
jealous wings around a soul
destined to die.
They are the administrators
of justice, the magistrates
of death, the ambassadors
of the universe.
But being caged in the guttural
world of the mortal,
Never free to spread their

mighty, mighty wings,
Exhausts the energy
of those not allowed to die;
It's like staying afloat
With heavy rocks chained to
their feet.

So the angels of death,
the angels of mercy,
the angels of children,
And the angels who haven't quite
found a place,
Drag their heavy, heavy wings
to the place that's as close
to flying as this world
allows —
They congregate in baths,
in rivers, and mostly
in oceans,
And immerse themselves in
amniotic seas, celestial
waters, ethereal rain.

Sometimes if you are
very old or very young,
or very, very still,
You can see; the angels on
the water
Lamenting their fate;
Cleansing their broken wings
And bushing the lot
of the uncaring world
Off their bodies for another day.

Housewives on Acid Part 2

by Lori Braun



EEK

daily classifieds

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Life Style without glasses

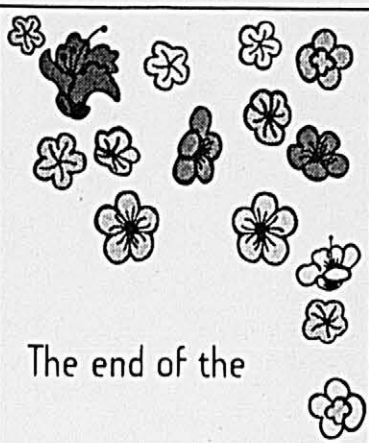
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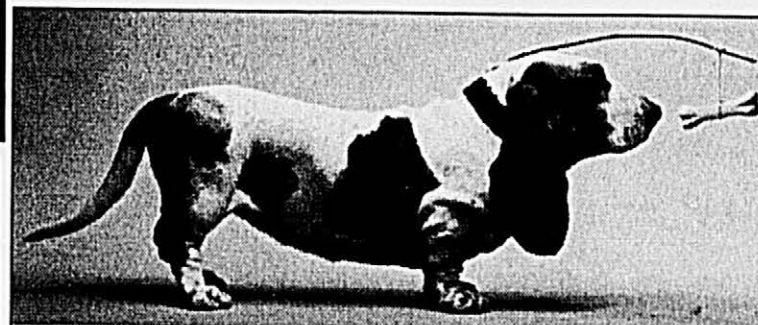
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